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WHITBY, ONT.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1908

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Vox Collegii

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"Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit."

VOL. XXV.

WHITBY, DECEMBER, 1908.

No. 3

TRAFALGAR CASTLE



TRAFALGAR CASTLE.

Considerably over a half a century ago, a gentleman with great ambition selected a site in Whitby for his new home. To have a house large enough to entertain royalty filled his mind, and for this Sheriff Reynolds planned.

Situated on an elevation overlooking the town, Trafalgar Castle, as he named it, recalled old Warwick Castle, and that aristocratic place, Windsor Castle. Although his home had not the historic associations of these old places, nor had stood as many sieges, yet it had its secret passages and secret chamber.

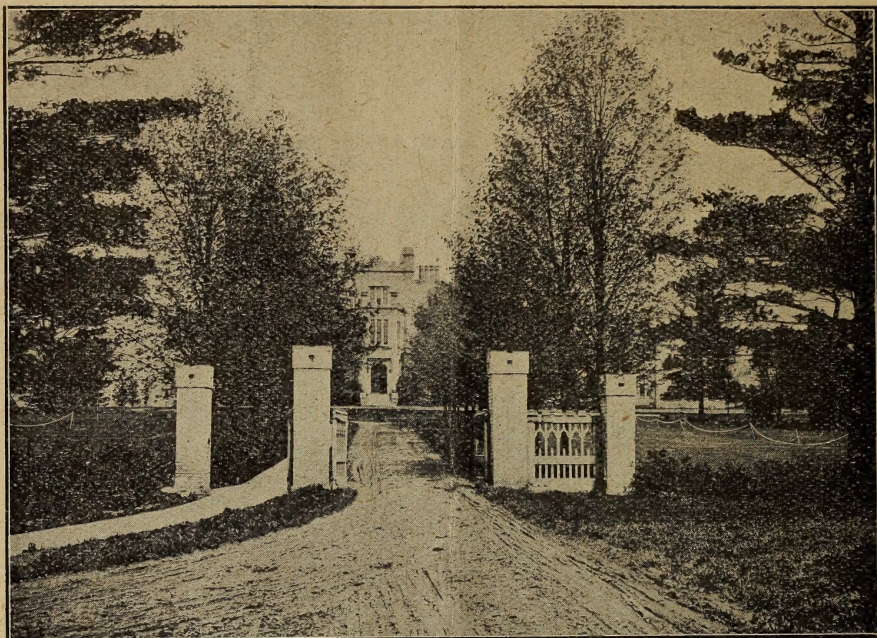
For some years Sheriff Reynolds lived in this home, laying out the grounds, selecting beautiful trees for the lovely lawn and rare fruit trees for the garden. No ordinary grass covered the lawn, but the soft English grass that delights the lounge on a hot summer day.

The grounds are approached by gates suggestive of Old Country homes. Driving up a

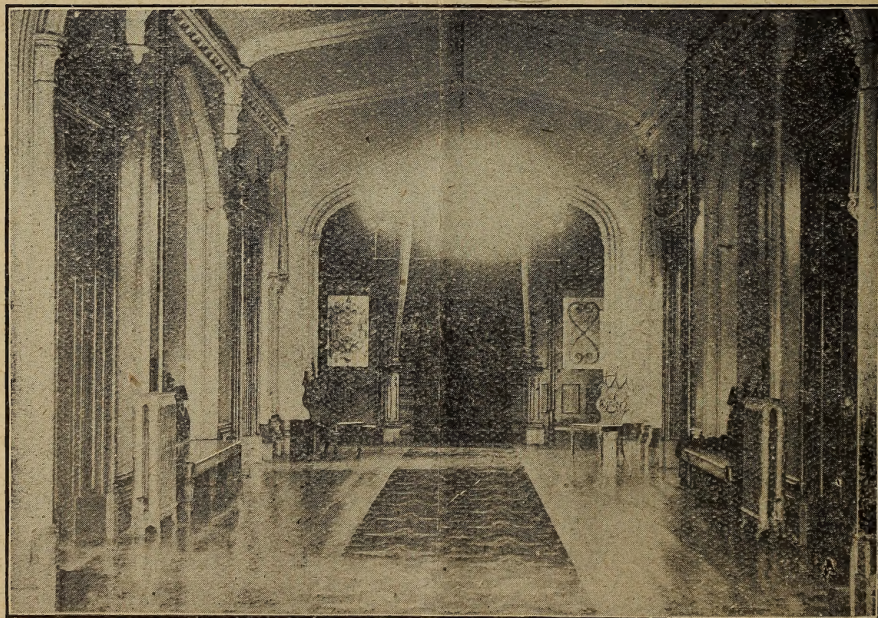
winding shady avenue of trees, we find ourselves in front of a beautiful entrance. Guarding either side of the steps are lions, one sleeping, the other watchful. Before mounting the steps, we glance at the castle structure. Built in the Elizabethan style of architecture, the tower and turrets send us back to old Merrie England. Two gargoyles of lions' heads, one with mouth open, the other closed, decorate either side of the door. Over the entrance is a stone tablet carved with the coat-of-arms. These heraldic emblems are a stag-at-rest, a Crusader's helmet, a lion rampant, and three sea-shells. These with other emblems of national descent are repeated in many devices in the decorations in the interior of the building.

Inside the building and over the inner door are two beavers painted on glass, tokens of loyalty by Sheriff Reynolds to his adopted country. Surrounding these are Canadian fruits on the glass, and over the door and along the sides are ornamentations of oak leaves and acorns.

The lower hall impresses the visitor with the stateliness of the house. Naturally, we look at the broad stair in the rear, and in imagination see beautiful ladies in their flowing robes coming down, gentlemen, with old world courtesy, following. On a nearer view, the arches and niches appear, and we wander on, looking at the large stained glass doors leading to the reception room on the right and to the library on the left. The rose is everywhere present, also the lily and the tulip.



THE COLLEGE GATES



MAIN HALL LOOKING TOWARDS STAIRWAY

Lions, oak leaves and roses proclaim the British descent of the founder, also the plume and the lily suggests French blood. Here and there we see gracefully blending with the other heraldic emblems, the Irish devices, showing another strain of blood in the family.

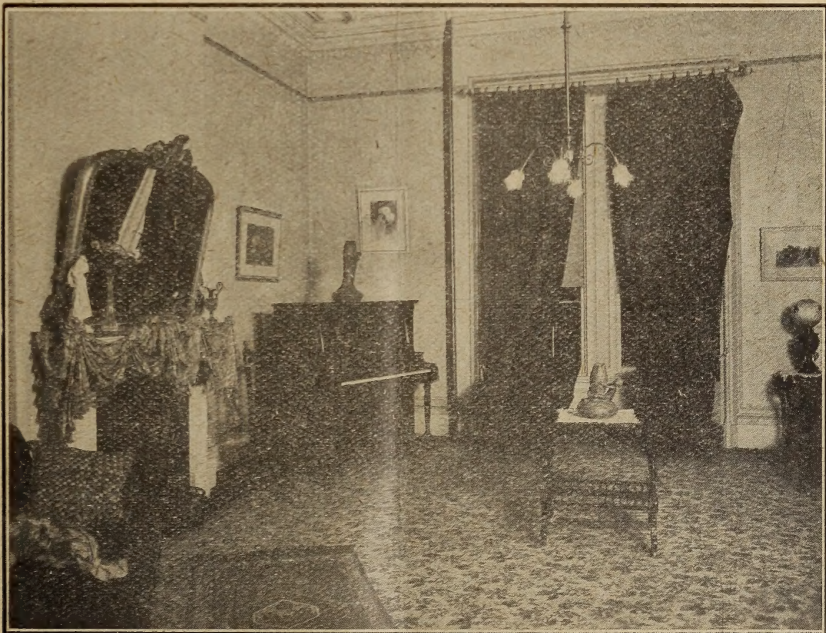
Carved oaken seats with the stag-at-rest the sea-shell and the daggers attract the eyes. Over the doors leading to the rooms opening off the hall are the fleur de lis and the turret design. In the rooms the ceilings are marvels of beauty, the height making the visitors breathe deep breaths. In the room used by the family as a drawing room, on the left, the marble mantel piece is carved with lilies, and on the mantel at the other end are carved oak leaves and acorns.

France and England, as they have always done, bow across to each other; while Ireland holds aloof outside.

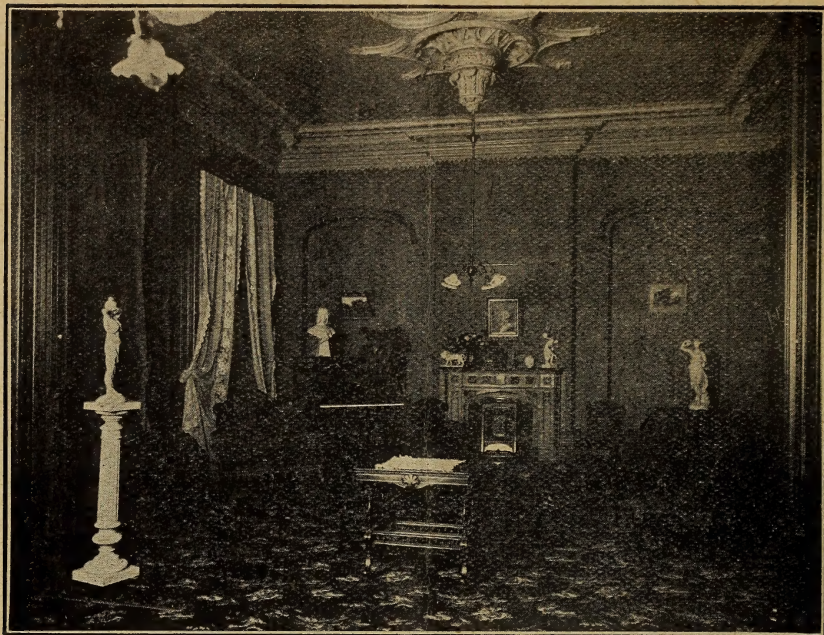
The stair-case, broad as the one Queen Victoria at Kensington Palace waited upon to receive Prince Albert after their be-

trothal, is ornamented with grape leaves and grapes. Before turning to the upper hall, the magnificent stained glass window at the rear of the hall claims our attention.

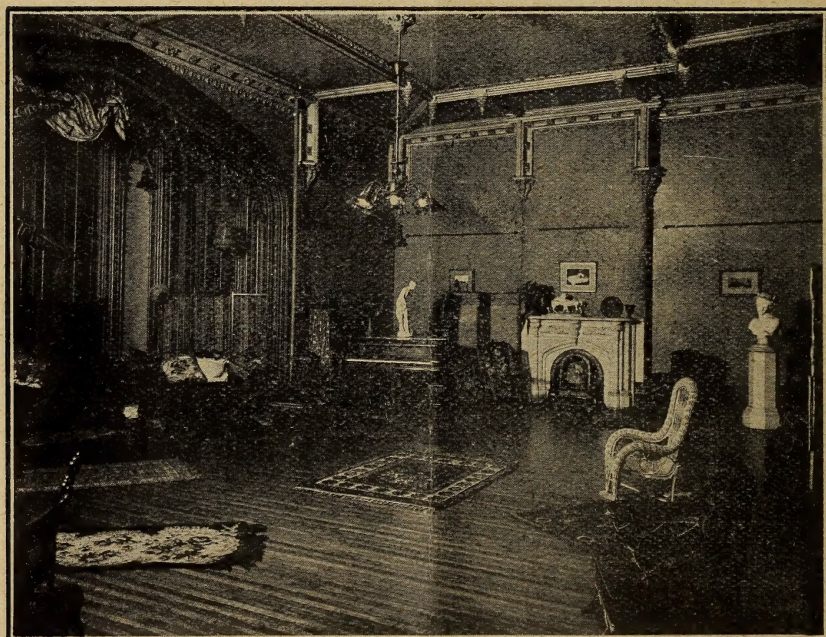
The left quarter of this window is bordered by oak leaves: the middle crest contains the Irish harp, and above are the lions rampant on the shield. Over these shields and also those in the right quarter is placed the British crown. The left middle quarter has the initials of Sheriff Reynolds, the middle crest having the stag-at-rest, the Crusader's helmet, the lion rampant and three sea shells. Above that again are the founder's initials. The right middle quarter has the initials of Mrs. Reynolds, the middle crest having a mailed arm and hand holding a sword. Again the Crusader's helmet, and below in two sections of the shield are three mailed hands with the thumb bent to the palm, and three lions rampant. Above again we see the initials of the lady of the castle. These two middle windows are bordered with shamrock leaves. In the



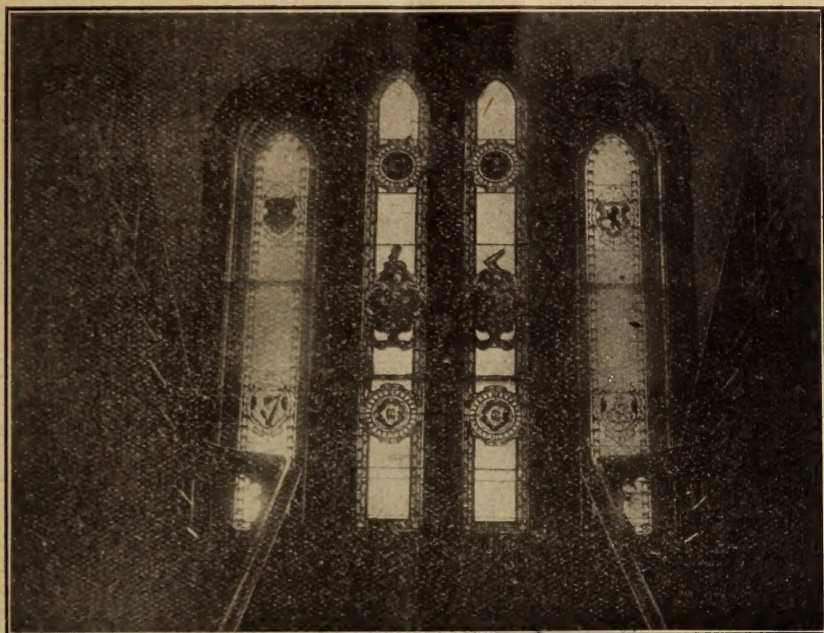
RECEPTION ROOM



ONE OF THE ROOMS



DRAWING ROOM



MAIN STAIRWAY AND WINDOW.

lowest crest of the right quarter or window are two swords, a battle axe, an anchor, a cornucopia, and above, a small crown. The lion rampant occupies the upper crest.

Upstairs the hall is of the same dimensions as the lower, in fact, all the halls are of like dimensions from the basement to the third story. Brick walls, from the foundation to the ceiling, separate the rooms, and fireplaces are in nearly all the rooms of the building.

Large airy rooms are on this second floor, and at the front are two rooms on either side of the hall opening into it by folding doors. These doors are folded back on certain occasions and a ball-room is thus made. The orchestra is stationed at the head of the stairs, so that the music may be heard in all parts of the house.

From the third story a stair leads to the roof, from which a splendid view may be had of the town, lake and surrounding country. Lovers of hiding places may find the secret

passages in this story, and the secret chamber in the second story in the tower building. Romantic people look for a subterranean passage from the town to the lake, but diligent search has not revealed it yet.

We return to study the electroleers. One is of solid brass, blackened in some places to make relief. Near the ceiling are three brass helmeted heads decorated with plumes. Lower are three blackened heads surrounded by a wreath of leaves in natural colored brass. On the large black bulb that holds the arms for the lights, are designs in brass. These designs are in three groups, each group containing two swords, a battle axe, an anchor and a standard; below all is the English mace. On all the electroleers are found various arrangements of these designs, each making a study in detail.

This lovely home with so much of interest attracted the notice of all the country. Many are the tales told now of the horses and the

carriages, the tame deer, the lordly manner of the master and the gentleness of the gentle lady.

Then the time came that the hospitality of Sheriff Reynolds was called upon to entertain a royal personage, Prince Arthur of Connaught. In this his dearest wish was gratified, and truly the Earl of Leicester never entertained Queen Elizabeth at Kennilworth Castle more magnificently than the Sheriff welcomed the son of his Sovereign, Queen Victoria.

But a day came when money troubles com-

pelled the Sheriff to sell his castle and his lands. We who look on his actions after the lapse of many years, can scarcely understand the sorrow with which he parted with his home. Many a night afterward he would wander through the grounds, looking at his lost hopes, recalling the happy days of anticipation when it was in process of building.

Sheriff Reynolds "is in his narrow cell forever laid," and his family are gone to live in a bustling city. For us he has left the heritage of a beautiful English home.

—Contributed.

ONE CHRISTMAS IN PARIS

Hotel du Rhin, Paris, December, 190.

My Dear Madge.

To-day I recalled the frank confession of a girl who used to attend the college long before you or I. She was taken abroad very young by her father "to finish" her education, and discovered over there that she had no particular education to finish, through her own lack of application. She came very vividly before me when there was an occasion to use French for the first time on its own native heath, as it were, and the attentive shop-keeper offered me a bottle of ink, when I was using my best effort to obtain a teaspoon. However, I must admit that subsequent efforts have not been so disastrous.

We find the Christmas season rather unlike Christmas in our own country. Even the familiar boulevards look different. Instead of being occupied by the cafés, and the inevitable *boulevardier*, they are transformed by the erection of *baragues du jour de l'an*, booths made of planking for the display of Christmas toys and decorations. The city is metamorphosed into a vast toy bazaar, with myriads of dolls, jumping-jacks and punches, dolls such as are seldom seen in our country, elaborately gowned in creations of the newest fashion.

On Christmas eve they hold *le reveillon*, a sort of carnival when the cafés and brasseries

are like hives of bees filled with thirsty swarms and the boulevards are alive with movement. In preparation for *la reveillon*, fashionable Paris goes to church, preferably to the Madeleine. The beautiful edifice is crowded to suffocation, hundreds enter for a few moments, utter a prayer, and are gone, their places quickly filled by waiting crowds. There is a beautiful processional, the soft, golden glow of innumerable waxen tapers is shed over the splendid altar and the Christ, the air is fragrant with incense, there is a moment of tense hush among the worshipping throng, then, suddenly, the organ bursts gloriously into the climax of the service, and the congregation falls to its knees in a final ecstasy of devotion.

Immediately the cafés are filled to overflowing. It would be an impossibility for the uninitiated to obtain seats. These have been ordered, along with the menu a month in advance, so that there should be no mistake for monsieur. Ladies wear gorgeous costumes, with hair very elaborately *ondulées*. Myriads of lights heat the already over-heated and perfumed air. The excitement communicates itself even to the rushing servants. There are wonderful favors, painted fans, yellow trumpets, wriggling snakes, ducks to clatter and quack, and geese with long writhing necks.

Out in the streets ranks of men and women

parade, blowing little horns, and singing snatches from the latest songs, until Noël is ushered in at midnight. Then the glistening crowds in the Place de la Concorde grow thinner, the twinkling carriage lamps and the shrill auto-horns recede from the Rue de Rivoli, and towards morning only a few stragglers are left to wander variously homeward.

Hoping yours may be a very happy Christmas, believe me dear Madge,

Yours sincerely, G. M.

Hotel du Rhin, Paris, January, 190.
My Dear Madge.

After attending service one Sabbath morning at the Embassy church the Captain and I sauntered into the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. With the true Parisian it is a sort of Sabbath duty, although he chooses the afternoon when the *beau monde* is abroad. Mornings are comparatively quiet except for the peregrinating French *bonne*, who is out with her shall charges. Her long cape-like wrap is inclined to balloon with the breeze, and streamers of broad ribbon that ordinarily reach to the hem of her skirt, shoot out and wave from the top of her cap. The Captain regarded with alarm the possibility of becoming entangled in one of those floating streamers,—a disquieting notion altogether.

Another feature is that they usually hunt in twos, even to the number of five abreast on the broad boulevards, and one views with no little dismay a rank of these imposing creatures bearing down upon him. If you were a little French girl you would be taken shopping *en famille*, and you would have a hat or gown gotten for you exactly like your sisters, so that there should be no ill feeling. Shopping is here more a long, gentle persuasion toward the shop-keepers idea than it is in America. He seems to divine intuitively what the feminine heart desires in its utmost recesses, not necessarily what it asked for. Somehow, too, the shops are arranged in a tempting way, which is quite psychological, a refinement of method peculiar to the French.

Supposing one has an original quest, something sensible, like shoes. The way seems to lead through mazes of foolish and lovely things, hand-embroidered articles at absurdly low prices, jewelry, handkerchiefs, laces, etc. The staircase leading to the shoes seems to defy discovery. In the Magasin du Louvre it is almost buried in fluffy lace and silk petticoats, for certainly madame cannot resist a French petticoat. This difficulty met, there is still the *entresol* to cope with before the *deuxieme* is reached, and the mere novice makes a long journey before she gets out again. It would be a far cry indeed to carpets or kitchen chairs.

You would, I am sure, have enjoyed the visits to Versailles if for nothing more than the historical interest. True, Grant Allen tells us to take it as a duty that there is nothing in the chateau, and that the beautiful landscape laid out by Le Nôtre is horridly stiff and uninteresting. However, the man who called London "a squalid village" might perhaps be excused for finding Versailles uninteresting. Architecturally speaking, the palace has no particular value, but historically is well worth while. No one can thoroughly appreciate French history of that period preceding the revolution without seeing those splendid gardens which Voltaire called "the abyss of expense and the tomb of monarchy."

A good guide is invaluable to the Trianons, and just now while the entente between England and France is so perfect, he points out very proudly the room where Queen Victoria slept on a visit to France years ago. At this point he becomes fervid, rolls up his eyes and makes a sweeping bow, having scented British origin in his small audience. Here the Captain puts his hand quietly in his pocket, and makes a survey of his small change with a view to the near future.

In another letter I shall dwell longer perhaps on Versailles if you are interested, but just now it would be pleasant to have you with us for tea at Rumplemayer's. The tea hour, à l'Anglaise, is now a fact, with some modifications which are essentially French.

Yours affectionately, G. M.

“THEY TELL US THAT SANTA IS DEAD.”

When our blessed Saviour said “go ye into all the world and preach the gospel unto every creature,” He certainly had in mind “the good news” for little children. What a mistake to overlook them, when they are so easily interested in the wonderful story, and if experience has taught us anything it is that boys and girls will come to the Saviour, if not

hindered. This applies to the rich as well as the poor, but especially does the story appeal to the latter. Never do they tire listening to it, and hundreds of them have given their hearts to Jesus in our gospel meetings. Often consciences too that they will receive little or no sympathy from the home, yet willing to trust their Saviour. One night a young lad from such a home, having heard the simple message and given his heart to the Lord, was afraid to go and tell his parents, knowing it meant their scoffs and curses.

Another who had found the Saviour precious and being denied the privilege of having a Bible in his home, found great joy in drinking in every word, although he had to hide himself away in a hay loft to read it.

Surely we who are God's children, should



have a deep interest in the lambs, even though they are uncared for in their so-called homes, and at this glad Christmas season may we remember them. The writer once overheard a child's prayer. "Dear Jesus, it will soon be your birthday, and please bring all the poor children lots to eat and many toys to play with." Do you think that prayer will be answered? C.D.G.

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Contents

Trafalgar Castle	1
One Christmas in Paris	6
They Tell us Santa is Dead	8
Editorial	9
A Short Christmas Story	11
Y. W. C. A.	12
Trafalgar Daughters	15
Music	17
Athletics	18
Domestic Science	19
Golden Flame	20
Social	21
Exchanges	23
Principal's Report	24
Wit and Humor	25

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“VOX COLLEGI,” WHITBY, ONT.

Editorial

Once again Time brings round the “Christmastide”—the most joyous season of all the year. We are thinking and planning what joy and pleasure we can give to others. We must not let this joy end merely in bestowing gifts—we must have love and kindness in our hearts, a spirit of peace with all men. Let us remember the glad message of the angels, “Peace on earth, good will toward men.”

No event in the world's history can surpass in importance the incarnation of God's Son. It is true the child Christ came of a despised and conquered people—of a poor family—yet of royal lineage. The star in the east showed the interest of the universe, the singing of the angels showed the interest of heaven. His coming was the cause of great joy. Just at that time the world was in the bondage of unbelief and despair. It needed help. With Christ's coming the world received hope and salvation. It has been

said that, since then, the tendency of the race has been upward. It is fitting therefore that the commemoration of the coming of this wonderful personage should be hailed with great joy and gladness. It is to be deplored that much of the gladness and festivity that marks this season loses sight of Him who is the source of all true joy and peace. A feeling of forgiveness, peace and love should fill our minds if we are to catch the proper spirit. We should try to imitate Christ's noble example.

If we wish to have a really happy Christmas we must not only be happy ourselves but it means that we must bring joy into the hearts of those around us. Thus in making others happy our own lives are enriched. Let us speak kind words and do kind acts for those who may not be favored as we are; and even try to keep back the bitterness that makes hearts sad, the unkindness which may make a life gloomy.

As this is the most beautiful time of all the year, we should strive to keep in harmony—to enter into the true spirit of the atmosphere which we seem to breathe around us. That we may help others we must have our own hearts filled with that peace and sympathy for mankind.

M. H.

GIFTS.

Carry the Christmas spirit into the days that wait
Ready to test your courage, close by the New Year's gate.
Let not the loving bounty cease from your hands to flow,
As from the Old Year's thralldom into the New you go.

Carry the joy of giving into the days to be;
Let not the Christ love falter—pour it out cheerfully;
Then from your sunny presence, into the stress of life,
Hearts you have blessed may carry strength for the coming strife.

—HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

FORGET.

"If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget all your neighbor's faults. Forget all the slanders you ever heard. Forget all the temptations. Forget all the fault-findings, and give little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget all the peculiarities of your friends and remember only the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out, as far as possible, all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will only grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thoughts of the acts of meanness, or, worse still, malice, would only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday, start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it for sweet memory's sake only those things which are lovely and lovable."—Selected.

A SHORT CHRISTMAS STORY

In a cheerless room, on a street called Blind Alley, a little girl sits gazing from the window, waiting for the home coming of her elder sister, who is working in one of the factories. While watching and waiting she puts her childish mind to work, wondering what she is going to do to earn some money for Christmas, which is but one month away. A thought strikes her, "Tomorrow I will go to Mr. Hobbs and ask him if I may clean his windows, and the money I will lay on that rafter; then there is Mr. Canary, he will let me sell some papers, and each day I will put my earnings away."

This little girl, Pearl, has one sister and two brothers; her elder brother is a shoemaker and the other one a boot-black. The next day brings with it snow and wind, but Pearl has made up her mind to earn something for Christmas; so putting on one mitten for that is all she owns, and buttoning her ragged coat, she starts out. Arriving at Mr. Hobbs's office, she raps at the door. "Please, Mr. Hobbs, may I clean your windows?"

The gentleman, who has little daughters of his own, looks at her kindly and says, "I am afraid my little girl, cleaning windows would scarcely be suitable for you; but to-morrow, we are sending out a great many circulars and you may put stamps on them for me, and I will pay you fifty cents." It was a light-hearted little girl who ran down the steps and hurried home, unheeding the cold and the storm.

The next day on her way home, after completing her work and receiving her fifty cents from Mr. Hobbs, she enters the office of Mr. Canary, "Please sir, what may I do to earn some money for Xmas, I know I am just a little girl, but mamma is dead and a long while ago papa went away in a boat, and was drowned; and, and please, sir, we are nearly out of wood." At this the child bursts into tears. The kind gentleman takes her on his knee, "Now my Pearl, do not cry, I am going, from now

till Xmas, to allow you to distribute papers to some of my regular subscribers, and I will also see that you have wood and a nice new dress before Christmas." "Oh, Mr. Canary, I will then be able to buy a Christmas dinner for my brothers and sister who work so hard every day."

From that day till Christmas little Pearl worked faithfully distributing her papers, and returning home each evening she lays her money on the rafter. And in this way she earns enough money for her sister to buy their Christmas dinner.

Christmas Day dawns clear and bright. And in that cheerless room, made bright by happy hearts, these four children may be seen eating their Christmas dinner. All are silent, when suddenly little Pearl, who has been thinking that just a year ago her father was with them, exclaims: "Oh, sister! if only papa was here to help us eat our Christmas dinner; but listen, I hear footsteps coming up the stairs." The door opens. "Oh, papa, is it you," and in a moment the child was folded in her father's arms. And little Pearl entirely forgot her dinner.

The father relates to them how a little less than a year ago the boat that he sailed away with was wrecked, and of the crew, he was the only one saved. He managed to reach land and each day watched for a sail, but none passed that way, till at last about to give up in despair of ever seeing his little family again, something seemed to tell him to build a little raft, which he did, and again put out to sea, and was one day picked up by a passing boat.

"And now my dear children, father has been brought safely back to you all. It is then, I think, our duty to thank our Heavenly Father for restoring us to each other this beautiful Christmas Day." "But, papa, do not let us forget to thank God for the Christmas dinner he let Pearlie earn."

—BERTHA BAILEY.

Y. W. C. A.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

On account of most of the students being away for Thanksgiving holidays, there were no Y. W. C. A. meetings in the chapel on Nov. 8 and 9. For the same reason our week of prayer was postponed until Nov. 15th to 22nd. There were meetings in the chapel every morning from 7.15 to 7.30, and all the meetings were in charge of the students. The object of this week of prayer was that the members of the Association might offer special prayers for the Young Women's Christian Association work all over the world. Our meetings were fairly well attended, and all those present entered heartily into the spirit of praise, and also of prayer for greater success in the future.

On Sunday, Nov. 15, Miss McCamus took the Bible reading from 1 Cor. 13. Miss Miller spoke of the full significance of our society name—Young Women's Christian Association—dealing with each word separately. We are all young yet, and our youth is the seed-time of life, when we sow seeds of good or evil. What will the harvest be. We all enjoy life but must not forget our great Creator. The old prophets realized the necessity of giving our lives to God in our youth, and David especially exhorts us to do so. The word Woman is one of the most beautiful in the English language. With what infinite love Jesus must have uttered it on the cross, when he spoke to his mother the last time.

Solomon says, "the price of a virtuous woman is far above rubies." A Christian means a follower of Christ, but a soldier who follows his leader yet lags in the rear is not a true soldier, neither are we Christians unless we come to the front and fight

our battles. An Association is a number of people banded together to accomplish something that they could not do separately. Unity is strength. Paul says "We are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another." A kindly, loving spirit makes our Society a success.

I would not waste the spring of youth in
idle dalliance,
I would plant rich seeds to blossom in my
womanhood,
And bear fruit when I am old.

Miss Binns sang a solo at this meeting.

The following Monday evening Miss Cullen spoke from the fifth verse of the thirty-fourth Psalm. We cannot really see Christ with the physical eye, but we can look to Him in five ways. First, we can see Him in God's work—not only in human beings but in nature. We can look to Christ by faithfully reading God's word and having a sincere desire to understand the character of Jesus. Again, we can become acquainted with Christ by talking to Him and feeling that prayer is natural. We also see Him as revealed in others. Avoid the habit of criticizing. There are always faults to be found, even in the lives of Christians, but we should look for the good points which are always there too. Lastly, we can see Christ by helping others. This is the best way to forget the disagreeable things of life and really be more Christ like.

On Sunday, Nov. 22, Miss Rowell gave a very interesting and helpful talk on the power of Influence, taking the seventh verse of the fourteenth chapter of John for a basis. There are two kinds of influence—conscious or voluntary and unconscious or involuntary. In the former, we will to exert our power over another, and it is generally of short duration. The involun-

tary influence is the more important, for in our every day lives we unconsciously exert an influence over others. We cannot deny that influence is universal, and the feeling that we are in a measure responsible for the conduct of others, should add a dignity to our lives. Influence begins in the home, which we should make pleasanter because of our presence. Then we have an influence at college too, and not only here, but also on the whole nation. The young men and women of to-day are the builders of Canada, and as their lives are as individuals, so will our future nation be. We all wish our influence to be on the side of right. It is often harder to give the word of rebuke or counsel than to be silent, but it should be given. Many here do their best, and yet others criticize them unkindly. The little verse: "Only God and my own soul know what is in my heart," should be a consolation. Miss Rowell then spoke earnestly of the importance of sincerity. A sincere life has a more powerful influence for good than anything else. She also explained the meaning of Jno. 12. 25, showing how unselfishness, too, helped both others and ourselves.

May every soul that touches mine—
 Be it the slightest contact—get therefrom
 some good,
 Some little grace, one kindly thought,
 One inspiration yet unfelt, one bit of courage
 For the darkening sky, one gleam of faith
 To brave the thickening ills of life,
 One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the
 gathering mists,
 To make this life worth while
 And heaven a surer heritage.

Miss Harris sang for us at this meeting.

The following Monday night, Miss Jillette gave a talk on Missions to foreigners in Canada. She mentioned the location of these missions from the east as far west as Vancouver, and briefly outlined the work of each, especially those in the western part of the Dominion. We have faithful workers in the field, but there are not enough of

them. Hundreds of foreigners come to our land every year and many of these have never heard the Gospel. The trouble is that we, as Christians, do not feel a personal responsibility for these souls, and are apt to forget that they are not stationary. They surely need our help, for statistics show that by far the greater number of crimes in Canada are committed by foreigners. In the future may we spare no labor in making Christ's saving power known, and pray, study and give.

Miss Lane of the New York City Mission, and Miss Fletcher, a nurse of the same place, addressed our meeting on Sunday, Nov. 29th. We were extremely fortunate in having these ladies with us, as they have spent several years of faithful service in the work and so gave us a clear idea of the Missions in the city of New York. There are about forty missionaries and ten trained nurses. The work is undenominational and an important branch of it is visiting the people of the tenement houses or "double deckers." The most congested part of the city is on Fourteenth Street. Five thousand people live in one block and three hundred children, besides adults, live, or exist, in one house. The missionaries try to assist all the foreigners, but deal separately with the Jews who hawk their wares through the streets and grow rich in a very short time. Another important part of the work is the mother's meetings. Their children are amused and cared for in a playroom and the mothers get much benefit from these meetings in both a practical and a religious way. There is also a sewing class for the children, a circulating library and club rooms. There are 117 children in the Sewing Class, and these study the different mission fields and bring their pennies for contributions. The object of the missions is not to promote a social spirit as other societies do, but to teach Christ.

Miss Fletcher then spoke of her work as a nurse. She told a touching story of Johnny who was just twelve years old. His people were very poor and lived in two dark rooms. They kept a boarder to help

pay the rent, and one Sunday he went out leaving a lighted cigar on the mantel. The paper decoration caught fire and while Johnny tried to stamp it out his leg was badly burned. They did not know what to do with him, so sent for Miss Fletcher. She was able to get a Christian doctor and together they bound the wounded limb and she had to assist in dressing it for six weeks. It will never be quite strong, but the mission people do all they can for the family and last year sent them their Christmas dinner. Miss Fletcher also told a sad story of a brave girl from Hungary who died from neglect, just because her people did not know how to apply the simplest remedy necessary for a severe cold. Some of the poor people who have been helped by the mission are so grateful that they often give of their scanty means to those who are a little less fortunate than themselves. In the interval between Miss Lane's address and that of Miss Fletcher, Miss Drury sang a solo.

The next evening, Miss Cullen was again kind enough to take the meeting. She conducted it on the basis of a prayer and praise service. Her two Bible lessons were one of the Psalms and the twelfth chapter of Romans. Several members led in prayer, and some well-known hymns were sung. Our Association really needs more of this kind of meetings to bring us into closer relationship to God.

We are very grateful to Mr. Gordon for speaking to us on Dec. 6th. His subject was a portion of the fifteenth chapter of Luke's Gospel. Jesus spoke those three parables with a purpose. He wanted them to teach a lesson to His disciples, to the outside Israelites, and to us. They all tell of the searching of the owner for some thing that was lost and of his rejoicing when it was found. An unloved life is the most pitiable thing in the world, but we are not

neglected, for we are the possession of God, and therefore he loves us. Remember that this life is only a preparation for the other greater one, for we are told that there are many mansions in Heaven awaiting us. Why is it that we are ashamed of God? Surely we should be grateful to Him for all the glorious opportunities He has given us. Many are in such surroundings that it is just impossible for them to do right, but God is making it so easy for us. The moulding of our lives at college is so important. They may be compared to a concrete pavement. When it is fresh we can make all kinds of marks in it, but if these are left a little while, they are there to stay. May we open our hearts to God now and give our lives to him, asking him to guide us in the future.

The next evening Miss Youker spoke very impressively of the value of "Friendship," taking as her Bible lesson part of the fifteenth chapter of St. John. Friendship means much more than its literal meaning. It makes our lives broader and more sympathetic. To form a friendship there must be two people, and faithfulness is the strongest principle in true friendship. We see good points in our friends that mere acquaintances cannot see in them. It improves our dispositions to have friends, for we try to always live at our best to please them. The choosing of our friends is important, as we are often judged by the company we keep. Again, even the loss of our friends may help us spiritually, for after they are gone we will feel that we did not do as much for them as we might have, and try to live closer to God in the future. Human friendship is very precious, but we cannot talk to even our dearest friends as we can to Christ who is our heavenly friend. He knows all that is in our hearts and how to comfort us. He set the standard for friendship and lived up to it when He gave His life for His friends.

Trafalgar Daughters

The evidence of the prosperity of the College as shown in the new farm lands, new buildings, etc., is only an outward sign of the advance in the work within. In the class room, the Y. W. C. A., the Bible classes and the social life, there is a steady progress, which we are sure would prove a joy to the Trafalgar Daughters, one and all, could they see it.

Do not forget that the "latch-string" is always out side to former students. Dr. and Mrs. Hare, as well as the other members of the faculty, never lose interest in those who have gone out from the College halls, and a royal welcome is assured to those who return.

Miss Pearl Lloyd was married on June 3rd, '08, to Mr. Layton Everett Meadows, of Los Angeles, California.

Mrs. Broddie (Miss Mabel Gillespie). Brandon, Manitoba, was the guest of her sister, at the college for a few days.

Mrs. Sloan (Miss Edith Young) was the guest of Mrs. Greenwood on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4th and 5th.

Mrs. (Dr.) E. J. Boyes (Miss Maisie Walker, Toronto), is living at 553 Oakland Ave., Oakland, California.

Dr. and Mrs. Adams and their little daughters Ada and Helen, are on their way to Yo Chow, Hunan, China, where Dr. Adams has the medical superintendency of the new hospital.

Miss Elsa Scarff, Montreal, was a guest at the college for a few days, after visiting Mrs. (Dr.) Faulkner (Miss Helen Vermilyea) Foxboro, Ont.

Mrs. Geo. E. Kennedy (Miss Addie McDowell) Carstairs, Alberta, and her little son and daughters were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Hare.

Miss Mabel Alcock and Mr. Horace A. Craig, B.S.A., were married at Saskatoon, Sask., on Wednesday, Nov. 11th. Mr. and Mrs. Craig will reside in Edmonton.

We were pleased indeed to have Miss Addison, Annisley Hall, Toronto, at the dinner on Friday.

A meeting of Whitby branch of Trafalgar Daughters was held in the drawing rooms of the College on Monday evening, Nov. 23rd. There was an unusually large attendance and probably one of the most interesting evenings we have spent together. Because of the name of our society, "Trafalgar Daughters," and the building "Trafalgar Castle," we had decided to spend the evening in the study of "Trafalgar," and the architecture and early history of the building.

Miss Nellie Harper read an interesting paper on the hero of the battle of "Trafalgar," Horatio Nelson. He was born on Sept. 29th, 1758, a son of Rev. Edmund Nelson. At thirteen years of age he went to sea with his uncle, Captain Suckling of the British Navy. He disliked the life greatly at first, but in time came to be an excellent sailor and a good pilot.

In 1783 he was introduced to the Duke of Clarence, who was much taken with his manner and evident knowledge of the navy. He was repeatedly in action and lost one eye and one arm, but not until after the Battle of the Nile in 1798, did he receive recognition from England. After the battle of Copenhagen he received the title of Viscount. In 1805 he fought and gave his life at the famous battle of Trafalgar. His words, "England expects every man to do his duty," uttered to his men that day have become household words wherever the English tongue is spoken.

"Trafalgar"—the word itself is derived from the Spanish—Tarof, a promontory; and the Arabic—Al-ghai, a cave or grotto. The whole word meaning "The promontory of the Cave."

Miss Burkholder gave a brief talk on Trafalgar Square in London. It is so

named in honor of the battle of Trafalgar. One of its chief features of interest is the Nelson Monument, built of Devonshire granite, one hundred and forty-five feet high. It supports a statue of Nelson seventeen feet high. On the base are bronze bas-reliefs, cast from the metal of captured French cannon, representing various scenes in the life of Nelson. Four lions, modelled by Landseer, crouch at each corner of the base. Their chief grandeur lies in their mighty simplicity. Every year, on Oct. 21st, the anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson, the monument is decked with wreaths. From this monument may be seen the Statue of Charles I. It was cast in 1633, but was not erected when the Civil War broke out. After the death of the King the objectionable figure was sold as "scrap." Later a demand for "relics" of the unfortunate King arose, and the purchaser of the statue sold knives and forks with bronze handles, which he said were made from the effigy. However at the Restoration he duly produced and sold the statue, which was set up in 1674, on the site of the old Charing Cross.

On the east side of Trafalgar Square, approached by a broad flight of steps, rises the beautiful portico of the Church of St. Martin in the Fields. The existence of a church here is mentioned as early as 1222. Henry VIII was induced to make it a burying place because he was annoyed by the passing of funerals on the way to St. Margaret's. Many people of note have found a last resting place here.

The square is surrounded on every side by places of interest, which would take many pages to describe at all fully.

From a letter, written by Miss Annie Reynolds to Miss McGillivray, we quote the following :—

With regard to the naming of our old home—I am sorry to say I can give you but very meagre information—mother does not seem to remember at all why my father called it "Trafalgar Castle." She supposes that as his name was "Nelson" and he was

a great admirer of the hero of "Trafalgar" that may have led him to choose the name.

While in England he visited many of the old castles, taking notes and making plans, always with the hope that some day he would build a palatial residence somewhat resembling those beautiful places he had seen. When the time came, or rather the opportunity, he lost no time. He drew out and designed the whole edifice, which plans were submitted to an architect and found correct.

The building was completed in 1859, having taken about three years in erection. Most of the skilled workmen came down from Toronto, but the work went on under the personal supervision of my father himself; in consequence nothing was slurred over or badly done. He put his whole heart and soul into the work, and more money than he ever realized, with the result that it was justly called "Reynold's Folly."

The laying out of the grounds, and all connected with them, were a constant source of delight and interest to him as long as he lived. He was never happier than when garbed in an old suit and out at day-break, working like any common laborer. He would direct and supervise while toiling himself, no part of the work being too laborious for him to attempt. Woe betide the one who planted in a crooked line. He had an eye like a hawk and nothing escaped him.

He never spared himself—or others—but was a thorough worker and took a keen interest in everything, especially in the production of all kinds of fruit, which reached great perfection. Mother says that no such fruit could be found anywhere, everything being of the choicest quality and in great abundance.

You have heard, no doubt, of some of the entertainments that were given, public and private, and the great personages who were guests there—that is an old story. You also know perhaps of the beautiful high-bred and spirited horses which were my father's chief pride and my mother's terror. At one time he had two pet deer, who wan-

dered at will. These he reared from babyhood. When full grown, they would gallop across the country for miles, always starting at daybreak, but never failing to return at night fall. Eventually, one ("Billy") got quite vicious and hurt one of my brothers and had to be shot. The other pined away from loneliness.

We owned almost all the land, reaching nearly to the lake at one time. I believe, and know for certain, that the woods and meadows about us were all ours, for we played there.

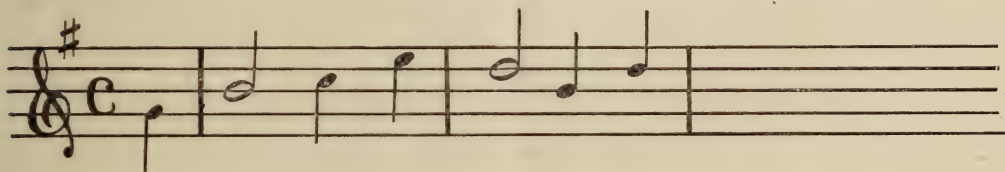
I expect much more of interest could be told could my mother remember the details.

A. R.

Happiness has come to Mrs. C. M. Vail (Winnifred Case), Highland Park, Chicago, in the form of a little daughter, Edith Winnifred.

The Sunday World of Dec. 6th published a most interesting article on the work of Mrs. O'Sullivan, Superintendent of the Andrew Mercer Reformatory for Ontario Women. Mrs. O'Sullivan was one of the earlier students of the College and left it, not only an accomplished musician, but with a beauty and strength of character which has touched all with whom she has come in contact.

Music



Miss Bell and Miss Alice Gott sang at the Horticultural Society meeting, held at the home of Mrs. Starr, Nov. 25th.

Miss Jennie O'Hara accompanied Miss Newcomb, the noted 'cellist, at a concert given by the Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian church on Nov. 18th. Miss O'Hara is noted for the effective manner in which she accompanies.

Mr. Blight delighted his pupils on Wednesday evening, December 2nd., with a short recital. All the girls were much benefited and wish to thank Mr. Blight for his kindness, and hope they may soon have the pleasure of hearing him again.

Miss Alice Gott and Miss Ada Robertson sang a duet in the Presbyterian church Sunday morning, Dec. 6th. We wish to congratulate the girls on their usual success.

We are looking forward with great interest to the concert that is to be given by the May Court Club this coming week. Some

of Miss Archer's, Mr. Blight's and Mr. Harrison's pupils, of Toronto, will assist in the programme.

Miss Ahrens, who will graduate in piano this year has been teaching Miss Wright's pupils during the former's illness. Cora's ability as a teacher has been recognized by all.

The Misses Bell, Gott and Robertson favored us with vocal solos on the evening of the term dinner.

Miss Prim is a very proper young lady.

Yes, she wouldn't even accompany a young man on the piano without a chaperon.

Muggins—"You must not mind my daughter's mistakes. You know she plays entirely by ear."

Buggins—"Unfortunately that is also the way I listen."

The Misses Binns, Ahrens, Wilson and Ryan kindly furnished music at the Oriental Tea given in the drawing-room.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYITES.

This is a serious disease that affects most all music pupils. It generally commences about the twenty-third of December and lasts until the first day of January. The first symptoms are unrest and general uneasiness. It is particularly grave with young children. They commence by showing a great aversion for the works of Bach, Czerby, and sometimes Cramer. This is thought to be due to the germ "santaclausus," which, when once inoculated into the system, always results in a hopeless case. The pupil is also likely to be afflicted with "scalephobia," or fear of scales, and in some desperate cases pupils have been known to go into veritable spasms at the mere mention of scales. Some pupils are so afflicted that they are unable to at-

tend to their lessons. This is the only disease which a teacher should never accept as an excuse for a pupil's absence.

The cure of "Holidayites" is simple. Have the following prescription compounded, and see that it is faithfully taken:

R. Technic syrup.

Tincture of Etudes,

Concentrated extract of Pieces.

Mix well and give twice a day in one hour doses before and after the mid-day meals. Shake (the pupil, if necessary) well before and after administering.—The "Etude."

Stranger: "This village boasts of a choral society, doesn't it?"

Resident: No; we just endure it with resignation."

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Athletics

The girls have all been so busy with the bazaar and the holidays so close at hand, that the "divisions" have been practically the only form of athletics indulged in this month.

Since the last issue of the Vox only one Athletic Meeting has been held, and that one not very successful, as nothing about the pins could be decided upon. The colors, light, blue and silver, were chosen.

Several weeks ago any outsider would have been enchanted had he chanced to drop in at the dainty Japanese tea given in the drawing-room, by the Athletic Association. This tea was a delightful means of bringing the girls together and a pleasant way of making new acquaintances and strengthening old ones.

With the first fall of snow, our president and several other courageous girls went tobogganing, but after a brief half hour

in the biting air, their courage oozed out at the tips of their fingers and they returned to warmer regions, deciding to wait until more snow would make the exercise less arduous.

D. C.H.

Let not slumber close thine eyes,
Before thou recollectest thrice,
Thy train of actions through the day—
Where have my feet found out their way?
What have I learned, where'er I've been,
From all I've heard, from all I've seen?
What know I more, that's worth the know-
ing?

What have I done, that's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
What duty have I left undone?
Or into what new follies run?
These self inquiries are the road,
That leads to virtue and to God.

—Selected.



"Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman than the study of household
good."
—John Milton.

In our household science kitchen we hear
once more the jingle of the pots and pans,
and the hum of voices in our various classes
connected with this work.

The Senior Class consists of five members,
three who are completing the two years
course, and two who will start housekeeping
next year.

The Senior Serving Class have completed
their course, and are now taking up "Home
Nursing."

Out of the generosity of Mr. Rice's heart
came two beautiful Japanese screens, which
are the delight of the department.

The American girls were entertained in the
Domestic Science Kitchen, at a taffy pull in
honor of Mr. Taft.

SENIOR SEWING CLASS.

"Stitch, stitch, stitch,"—yea, and embroider
and draft,
And study minutely how cotton is made—
(The effort will fair send you daft).
Mark the styles, that you may into fash-
ions that are,

Model fashions that have been or were;
In the making of hats gain repute as a star,
By a twilt or a touch here and there;
Pay heed to materials—how they will wash,
What garments are suited to each;
Let colors and lines ever dwell in your
minds—

Learn all that your teachers may teach!
Some such thoughts as above well drilled
into our heads

Have made us, as any may see,
Devoted, enduring, industrious maids—
For seamstresses now are we!!!

The graduates of O. L. C.

Ex.

JUNIOR DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

Suddenly one morning Miss Allen an-
nounced to the Junior Cooking Class that
they would have to serve a breakfast for
eight out of the large sum of 75c. Every-
one was astonished and bewildered, thinking
it impossible to do such a thing, but finally
it was accomplished after much hard labor.
Four of these breakfasts were served. One
of the best, consisted of three courses.

Menu.

Baked Apples,	Whipped Cream,
Hamburg Steak,	Creamed Potatoes,
Muffins,	Muffins,
Cafe Noir,	

Miss Ryan acted as hostess with her three waitresses, Misses Tupper, Graham and Ellis. These breakfasts were enjoyable as well as instructive. Now the girls have serious thoughts of being able to cook for two.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.

6 ozs. flour, 6 ozs. stale bread crumbs, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. raisins, seeded and cut in pieces, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. currants, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. suet, finely chopped, 10 ozs. sugar, 1 cup molasses, 3 ozs. candied orange

peel, finely cut, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1 teaspoon mace, 6 eggs well beaten, 2 teaspoons salt.

Mix ingredients in order given, turn in a thickly floured square of unbleached cotton. Tie securely, leaving some space to allow the pudding to swell, and plunge into a kettle of boiling water. Cook five hours, allowing pudding to be immersed in water during the entire cooking. Serve with hard and liquid sauce.

GOLDEN FLAME

I am going to tell you a story, all of which happened many years ago. Then it was that all stars, like men, had an allotted time of life, then were extinguished; they were dead.

As you no doubt all know, the stars have a world of their own. There can be found both good stars and evil ones. For are there not always such in any world?

Now Golden Flame was one of the good and cheerful spirits. He it was who lighted the weary wanderer home, or shone in the wide desert to show the trackless way to some forlorn one, who had lost all hope. Thus his whole life was spent, ever doing good, and he was loved by everyone.

But as it is with all, he became old, and though he still persevered in his kindness, his light was not so strong; he was becoming always weaker, and he knew that he must soon die.

Very disconsolate was poor Golden Flame, for life had seemed very short to him, as it does to all those who spend their lives in doing good. Weaker and weaker Golden Flame became, and there was great sorrow throughout the welkin, for all would miss him. At last Jupiter, the god of the Heavens, noticing the sorrow in which all

seemed to be, inquired of one of his followers and was told that it was the good Golden Flame who was now dying. Hearing this, Jupiter speedily came to him, sorrowing deeply within himself that such a lovable spirit should be doomed forever to oblivion.

He thought for a long time for a plan whereby such a beautiful spirit's life could be saved. Finally arriving at a decision he sent a messenger to Apollo, the Sun god, telling him that he had decided that Golden Flame should not die, but be transported under his care to the earth beneath, where he could still be of joy to mankind and shine forever under the rays of Father Sun. Thus it is that you will find in the spring-time, cherring everyone with his golden flame—The Danhelion.

ROWENA GARDINER.

At a political meeting an Irishman watched closely the trombone player in the band. Presently the man laid down his instrument and went out for beer. Paddy investigated, and promptly pulled the horn to pieces. The player returned. "Who's meddled mit my drombone?" he roared. "Oi did," said Paddy. "Here ye've been for two hours tryin' to pull it apart, an Oi did it in wan minute!"



A very pleasant evening was spent by the members of the May Court Club, on Friday, the 15th, in the drawing-room. The girls had a peanut hunt, and after they had found all, they were given tissue paper and asked to make a doll and dress it. They had much fun in making them, and were kept very busy. After all were finished they were collected and judged—the prettiest getting the prize. They were all so pretty, it was hard to choose between them. Miss Florence Deacon got the prize, her doll was dressed as a Chinaman, and was very cleverly done.

The election of the officers of the junior club was held on Wednesday, Nov. 18th, Miss Eaton presiding. The nominations were read and the elections then took place, the following being the elected officers:—President, Miss Binns; Vice-President, Miss Davidson; Secretary, Miss K. Tupper; Treasurer, Miss Bussler; programme committee, Misses Alfs, Mutton and E. Wright.

The members of the Junior Class were as follows: Misses Alfs, Aylesworth, Bailey, Bascom, Binns, M. Boyd, Burnett, Busby,

Bussler, Cameron, Cooke, Davidson, Drury, Eccelstone, Ellis, Foote, Gardiner, Garvin, Hodgson, Ironsides, Jollet, Kent, Kirk, McCamus, Mutton, Pritchard, Robbins, Shaver, Slater, Stonehouse, K. Tupper, M. Tupper, Wigle, Williams, M. Wilson, E. Wright, Valentine.

Friday evening, November 20th, Professor Abbott, of Toronto University, gave a very interesting lecture on psychology, which was very much appreciated by all.

On Saturday afternoon, November 14th, a very pleasant time was spent in 9 Main, the hostesses being Misses Breithaupt, C. Drury and Bascom. Dainty refreshments were served, Miss Campbell assisting.

On Saturday afternoon, Nov. 22nd, Misses Ironsides, Fowler and Pritchard held an At Home, in honor of Miss Ethel Diver. Much amusement was caused by fortune-telling. Misses H. Stewart and Mutton assisted with the refreshments.

Friday evening, November 27th, an oriental evening was given by the Athletic Club. Misses Bell and Montgomery received. The room was appropriately decorated in

oriental style. Those assisting were dressed in Japanese costume. A very suitable programme was greatly enjoyed, after which dainty oriental refreshments were served.

On Friday afternoon, Dec. 4th, a few of the girls had a very hilarious time tobogganing, it being the first attempt of the season.

On Saturday afternoon, Dec. 5th, Miss Jean Campbell gave a farewell tea to a number of her friends. A very enjoyable afternoon was spent. Dainty refreshments were served. Miss Campbell was assisted by Misses M. Wilson and H. Stewart.

The Whitby ladies very kindly entertained a number of the young ladies and teachers at various homes on Saturday, Dec. 5th.

Miss Jean Campbell's many friends are sorry to hear that she does not intend returning after Christmas.

Mrs. Norris, Toronto, was the guest of her sister, Miss Copeland, for a few days last week.

The College Faculty entertained at dinner on Friday, Dec. 4th. The guests were received in the drawing-room by Miss Burkholder and Miss Eaton. There were representatives from Toronto, Oshawa and Whitby. The dining-room, where covers were laid for one hundred and seventy-five, our own large family and over fifty guests, was decorated with red and white carnations and ferns. Much credit is due the matron, Mrs. Craig, for the excellent dinner and the perfect service. The Toronto guests were obliged to leave early to catch the train for the city; those who remained were well repaid in hearing the excellent music provided by Misses Gott, Robertson and Bell.

Mr. Millner spent a day at the College with Dr. and Mrs. Hare, and on his return home sent the following lines:—

A castled hall, whose fretted towers arise
From grassy sweep of sparkling emerald hue.
A stone-arched doorway, opening fair and wide,
Disposing tempting luxury to view!

And, once the inviting threshold dared, and passed

'Twixt wild beasts couched to guard fair inmates meek,

The splendor of the hall flung wide and vast,
Deprives most subtle tongue, the right of speech.

Within this castled keep the master dwells,
Most wise custodian, learned beyond dispute.
The courteous scholar whose refinement spells
A chivalry of mind none dare refute!

And he, with soul intent upon his school,
Has but one aim—philosopher's design—
That they who dwell content beneath his rule

Shall write their mark upon the scroll of Time.

And then the mistress of this castle fair
Whose pleasant welcome soothes the stranger guest!

The gentle hand outstretched to ease dull care

That lurks within a mind by doubt opprest;
Kind, gracious presence, loving, brave and true!

How many owe Thee hours of sweet content!
Who will deny fond memory one view—

A peaceful soul reviewing life well spent!
Sept. 27, 1908. GEO. F. MILLNER.

Philadelphia, "The Quaker City," celebrated its two hundred and twenty-fifth birthday by an imposing "pageant week" in October. Among the Quaker stories printed in the newspapers in connection with this event is the following: "Back in the days when pirates were actualities and sea travel none too safe, a 'friend' found himself on a vessel hove to by buccaneer round shot; the boarding party's small boats were then about to pull in under the gunwales. 'Friend Joseph' had refused to arm himself for the coming conflict; he never had fought, and at 61 he wasn't going to violate his principles. As he stood by the rail—not a little troubled and yet harking obediently to an eloquent conscience, one skiff pulled in directly beneath him. A rope was dangling from the side of the presumed prize and a rascally cutthroat instantly began to climb up its wriggling length, knife between teeth. Joseph could stand it no longer. 'Friend,' he shouted, 'if thee wants that rope thee may have it,' and with one clean stroke of a handy hatchet he cut it, and the pirate went down among his fellows without debating the question raised."

Exchanges

"Dost thou love Life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff Life is made of."—Franklin.

May we gratefully acknowledge our various college exchanges: Queen's University Journal, Progress, Trinity University Review, Hya Yaka, The Mitre, Lux Columbian, Canada's White Ribbon Bulletin, McMaster University Monthly, Solanian, O. A. C. Review, Allisonia, Argosy, Acta Victoriana.

Very welcome to us is the "Progress" published by the students of the Indian School of Regina. "Corner Stakes" is devoted to quotations, mottoes, and quaint sayings, and is a column that one might turn to in almost any emergency and be rewarded with a word of encouragement, or consolation, or some welcome thought.

A rather good story is told on a dental student, the incident occurring while he was practicing this summer. A young lady whom he had long but secretly admired, came in to him one day to have a molar extracted. He administered the proper anaesthetic and set to work; but when the fair damsel recovered consciousness she found that he was slowly but steadily pulling out one "pearley" after another, saying dreamily as he looked at each: "She loves me, she loves me not."—Hya Yaka.

The McMaster University Monthly is to be commended on its new and distinctively characteristic cover, while the literary contents of the Magazine are equally inviting.

First Person—"Just before I left home my black spaniel died. He swallowed a tape line."

Second Person—"Then he must have died by inches."

Miss Person—"No, he went around to the back of the house and died by the yard."
—Ex.

The cover of the October number of the Hya Yaka was the happy means of conveying to us a paragraph on "Kindness," which is well worth the reading:

"I often wonder why people do not make a wider use of the marvelous power there is in kindness. It is the greatest lever to move the hearts of men that the world has ever known—greater by far than anything that mere ingenuity can devise or subtlety suggest. Kindness is the king-pin of success in life; it is the prime factor in overcoming friction and making the human machinery run smoothly. If a man is your enemy you cannot disarm him in any other way so quickly or so surely as by doing him a kind act. The meanest brute that ever drew breath is not altogether insensible to the influence of kindness. Of course it takes a strong man—the very strongest, in fact—to do a kindness to the man who has wronged him, and yet there is no other way of so certainly bringing about restitution. Not only this, but it develops additional strength in the man who does it. And the peculiar thing about it is that the power of kindness can be exercised by the lowliest as well as the highest. The king upon the throne has no more privilege in this respect than the digger of ditches, and there is no other factor in human life so well calculated to destroy the distinctions of caste as this. Kindness makes the whole world kin. It breaks down the barriers of distrust, deceit, envy, jealousy, hate, and all their miserable train."—Dr. C. N. Johnson.

N. Fowler.—May I be excused the division this afternoon?

Miss Burkholder—What is your excuse?

Miss Fowler—I have the toothache.

Miss Burkholder—You always seem to have toothache every afternoon.

Principal's Report to the Board of Directors.

In reviewing the educational work of the past year, I am pleased to refer to the earnest and spirited manner in which the teachers in the different departments of study undertook their work at the beginning of the year, and to the very gratifying results which were accomplished as shown in the records of the various examinations.

Merely as a sample of the work done in the Literary Department I shall refer to the senior class, composed of six students. Two of them took no outside examination, though one of these was the brightest member of the class, winning the gold medal. The remaining four tried Senior Matriculation or 1st year's work of Toronto University, two of whom passed in every subject, and the other two, who had been out of school for some years before coming to us, passed so as to get credit for the year, but were starred in a couple of subjects to be passed in a supplemental examination. Taking everything into consideration we consider this record quite gratifying.

In the Musical Department there were four graduates in piano who passed not only our Conservatory examination, but the final examination in connection with the Toronto Conservatory of Music, two of whom stood second and third on the list of candidates for the year. In the intermediate and junior examinations of the Toronto Conservatory of Music in piano, vocal and theory, several passed with great credit, winning 1st class honors.

No public or outside examinations were conducted in connection with the other departments of study, but it is safe to say that the most sympathetic relations existed between teachers and students, and that with few exceptions a live and unflagging interest in work on the part of students was maintained throughout the year.

Special pains have been taken to prevent indolent or indifferent students from neglecting their work, also to insist upon over zealous

students giving time to outdoor exercise, and thus preserving their health.

For the benefit of those unable to stay long enough to complete a full graduation course we have given greater prominence to the issuing of certificates for proficiency in special subjects such as Bible History, Cooking, Sewing, Drawing, Bookkeeping, etc., thus enabling ambitious students to bear away with them some token or guarantee of efficiency in the particular line of work in which they have been interested.

The college journal known as Vox Collegii has been edited and managed with more than usual ability and success. A new feature has been introduced in the form of a May Court Club with a Queen Regent, Counsellors and Committee. The Queen is chosen on Empire Day by the students as the best representative of the social and moral qualities for which the college stands, and in order that a wise selection may be made, someone prominent in literary circles is asked to deliver an address on the Ideal Woman, illustrating his ideal from history and literature.

I refer with pleasure to the deeply religious tone of the school as evinced in the Bible classes, mission study classes, the largely attended Y.W.C.A. meetings, and the total absence of painful discipline.

There is an old adage that "a stream cannot rise higher than its source." Our college has already gained all the popularity and success which can reasonably be expected with its present accommodation and equipment; so that if we expect to continue in this career of progress and reach up to higher and larger things than we have yet attained, we must seriously consider the question of further improvement and extension. This year's outlay in connection with the purchase of the adjoining farm and farm buildings, the bricking of the stable, the provision for cold storage, will not only improve the outlook and surround-

ings of the college, but improve the quality and variety of the table supplies and become an added factor in attracting and holding students.

Though much money has been already spent, and though much may be said in favor of the present equipment of the college, it will not be safe or expedient to rest contented with what has been accomplished and make no further effort. In this age of keen competition a college to be prosperous needs not only a large and capable staff of teachers and vigorous business management at the head of the institution, but it particularly needs that kind of equipment that appeals to the sentiment and admiration of young women, such as a well equipped gymnasium with swimming tank, shower baths, etc. Our present gymnasium is not sufficiently attractive or comfortable to be appreciated by students, and even if it were ever so comfortable it is inconveniently located for daily use. It will be of service for the playing of basket ball, but for the important purposes of an up-to-date gym-

nasium it is and must ever be wanting, and should without delay be replaced by another more in keeping with the aims and ideals of the college.

It may not be necessary to say definitely at this moment what is needed in the shape of a new building or where this new building or addition may be located to the best advantage. What we now need is money. Let the requisite funds be guaranteed and authority given to secure plans and specifications, and it will not be long before some kind of a building or addition will be outlined in all its details that may be submitted to this board, and if accepted will prove a lasting benefit to the institution.

The very fact that our college is located outside the city away from its glamor and excitement makes it all the more necessary that we should keep a little ahead of the city schools in our internal economy and arrangements so as to secure and hold the confidence and goodwill of our students.

J. J. HARE.

Wit and Humor

Miss A. Robertson (coming late to dinner).
Miss Burkholder—What will you have, pork or lamb?

Miss Robertson—I will have beef, please.

Miss Abbott—A case of past experience.

Norma Fowler—Laura, can you lend me a two-cent stamp, I want to pay back the one I owe to Grace.

"Short but sweet," said the grocer, as he wrapped up fifteen ounces of sugar and labelled it one pound.—Ex.

Heard in the Art Room:

1st Girl—Why are you two sisters doing the same studies?

2nd Girl—Because you will not want to have two of the same studies in your home.

3rd Girl—Oh! well you see they are not both going to live in the same house.

L. S.—Enquiring if the roll was called in Physical Culture.

P. W.—No, because Miss Teskey forgot to tell us to sit the way we stood.

G. Aylesworth to Florence Badgley—Is your aunt coming this afternoon.

F. B. (looking out of the window)—Yes, I'm looking for her.

G. A.—Well, let me look, too, perhaps I can find her.

PEACE ON EARTH.

O'er the land there spread a-glory,

Far beyond the sunset glow,

Bright'ning fair the Eastern morning,

And glad shadows flit and go.
Then the brightness seemed to brighten,
Fairer than the dawn of day,
And from out the clouds that lighten,
Darkness seemed to sail away.

For the light of God was there,
Springing from one great, bright star,
And shining down upon the town
Where the King of Glory lay;
And as He peaceful slept,
Lo, the clouds were rent again,
And a host of heavenly angels singing,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

And so slowly earthward winging,
Sweetly still the angels sing,
"Unto you is born a Saviour,
Who is Christ, the greatest king.
Glory in the highest, glory,
Peace on earth," they sang again;
Thus they sang in raptured chorus,
To the lowly shepherd men.

Who in wonder gazing ever,
Upward to the vaulted dome,
Watched the angel band descending,
Like a cloud of billowy foam.
And as one with awe will listen,
To a rare or noble thing,
So they knelt with praise and wonder,
To hear the angels sing.
"Peace on earth," to God the glory,
"Peace on earth," they sang again,
"For to you is born a Saviour,
In the town of Bethlehem."

SUSIE HARE.

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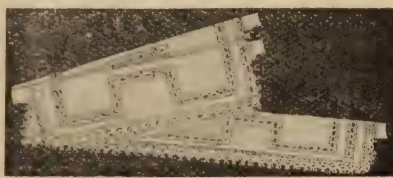
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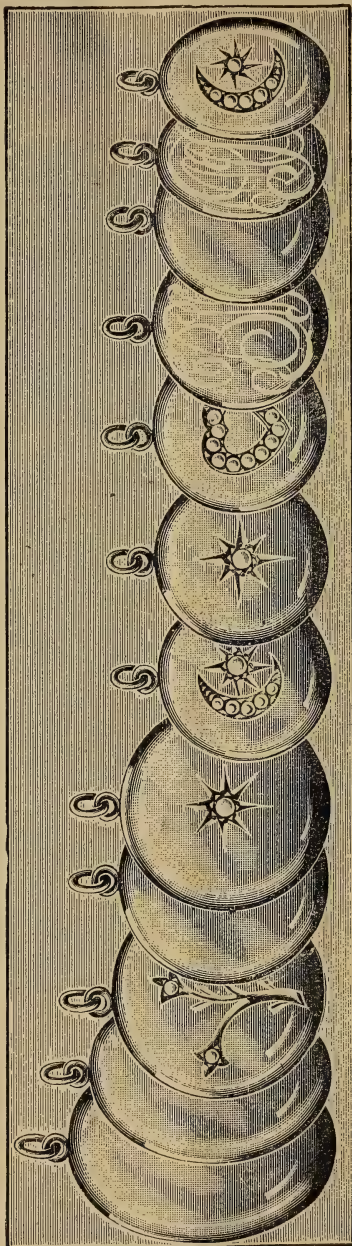
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